the Parisians have uselessly destroyed an ornament
of their town.

I am told there are weekly balls, *par abonnement* of thirty-six francs, for the winter, where the ladies appear in fancy dresses, chiefly as nymphs,
with flesh-coloured clothing. The complexion of
the women seems to me to be much improved,
and there is not such a quantity of rouge used
as formerly.

Dr. Gem was with me yesterday. He was
three months in prison, locked up in the same
room with Mrs. Elliott[1] (Dolly the tall) and her
dogs. He believes in a general republicanism
over the west of Europe. The reason of his
calling upon me was that he desired to go to
England, and had applied to Lord Malmesbury
to get him a passport, that he might accompany
him should he take his departure suddenly. Lord
M. told him he must apply to me for that pur-
pose, as I was the only person likely to succeed
in obtaining anything. I find, from this and
other quarters, that Lord M. has some opinion
of me as a conciliator.

I have just had a visit from poor Dominick

Ifteade, who has grown very thin; and have called on St. Foix and on Madame de Laborde de Marc-
i Mother of the first Lady C. Bentinck.